Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly*? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeve me, *Hall*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a ſeale Ring of my grand-fathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo: and, my Lord, he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for woman-hood Mayd marian may bee the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knave, to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true, *Hoſteſſe*, and he ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day,

You

You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſa

Falſ. A thouſand pound, *Hall*? a Mil Million: thou oweſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, he called you cudgell you.

Fal. Did, I *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſayd my Ring was C

Pri. I ſay tis copper: dar'ſt thou be a

Fal. Why *Hall*? thou knowſt, as th but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe is to be fe thou thinke i'le feare thee, as I feare pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy But ſirra, ther's no roome for Faith, T boſome of thine; it is all fild up w Charge an honeſt woman with picki horeſon impudent Imboſt raſcall, if t pocket, but taverne reckonings, *mem* ſes, and one poore penſworth of S long-winded: if thy pocket were in ries but theſe, I am a villaine, and ye will not pocket up wrong: art tho

Fal. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? Thou k cency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould p the dayes of villany? thou ſeeſt, I ha man, and therefore more frailty: you

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. *Hoſteſſe*, I forgive thee: goe t thy Husband, looke to thy Servants ſhalt finde me tractable to any hone pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gon. Now *Hall*, to the newes at Court fo that anſwered?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37